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Dedication of Marker

ON THE

Site of Fort Bridgman

VERNON, VERMONT
JUNE 27, 1911

Hon. Horace W. Bailey
With Compliments of
Kittredge Haskins



MARKER ON SITE OF FORT BRIDGMAN

This marker, which can be seen from the train, is about four miles south of Brattleboro, on the west side of the railroad

Inscription on the Fort Bridgman marker.

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This rock marks the site of
FORT BRIDGMAN
The first white settlement
In Vernon Vt.
Built in 1737,
The scene of many Indian Massacres,
Sacked and burned by the Indians,
For the third time
June 27, 1755,
After having slain
CALEB HOWE
And taken captive fourteen persons
Among whom were his wife
JEMIMA HOWE
And her seven children.

Land given for this purpose by the
HUBBARD BROTHERS,
This boulder from the "Howe Farm"
Was contributed by
HON. GEORGE E. HOWE
of Boston, Mass.
A lineal descendant of Caleb and Jemima Howe.

Erected by the town of Vernon, June 27, 1911.

Tablet placed by
Brattleboro Chapter
Daughters of the American Revolution.

DEDICATION OF MARKER

ON THE

SITE OF FORT BRIDGMAN

ON THE
Hubbard Farm in Vernon, Vt.

BY
Brattleboro Chapter, D. A. R.

ASSISTED BY
The Town of Vernon

The One Hundred Fifty-sixth Anniversary of
the Third Burning of the Fort, the Massacre
of Its Defenders, and the Capture of the
Women and Children, Fourteen Persons, In-
cluding Mrs. Jemina Howe and Her Seven
Children, By the Indians

Tuesday, June Twenty-Seventh
1911

CHAPTER OFFICERS

MRS. WILFRED F. ROOT	Regent
MRS. LYMAN E. HOLDEN	Vice-Regent
MRS. GEORGE B. WHITE	Recording Secretary
MRS. J. L. STOCKWELL	Corresponding Secretary
MRS. WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON	Treasurer
MRS. HENRY H. THOMPSON	Registrar
MRS. M. C. WHITE	Historian
MRS. H. J. CLARK	Chaplain

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COMMITTEE ON MARKING

ELECTED BY THE CHAPTER

MRS. ALICE G. WEEKS	MRS. F. I. SWIFT
MRS. G. F. BARBER	MRS. H. A. STATEN
MRS. H. R. BROWN	MRS. M. I. REED
MRS. F. H. HOLDEN	

PROGRAM

Music—First Regiment Band of Brattleboro

Invocation—Rev. Roy M. Houghton

Address of Welcome—Mrs. W. F. Root, Regent

Unveiling of Marker—Misses Calma Howe and Margaret Barber

Placing of Laurel Wreath on Marker—Miss Dorothy Hubbard

Salute to the Flag and Singing—School Children of Vernon

Music—March dedicated to the D. A. R.—Band

Historical Address—Hon. Kittredge Haskins

Song—Mrs. Linna T. Hubbard

Sketch—"Jemima Howe, the Fair Captive," Mrs. J. L. Stockwell

Song—"The Sword of Bunker Hill," Mrs. W. E. Stellman

Reading—"Jemima Howe Tute's Will," Mrs. Mary Howe Burton, Clinton,
Mass.

Singing—School Children of Vernon

Address for Sons of Revolution—Dr. H. D. Holton

Music—Band

Address for Town of Vernon—Rev. G. E. Tyler, Bristol, Conn.

Music—Band

Address—Dr. N. P. Wood, Northfield, Mass.

Song—Mrs. Mary Howe Burton

Song—"America," Band and Audience

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

HON. KITTREDGE HASKINS

Madam Regent, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The publication of the program of today's observances appearing in the local newspapers of one week ago last Friday in which it was announced that I was down on the schedule for an "historical address" came as a great surprise to me. While I had consented to be present and make a few remarks fitting to the occasion so far as I might be able, I had reason to believe that it was understood that I could not undertake anything of an elaborate or historical address, which, by right, should have been committed to some one of the many able and scholarly sons, or the descendants of the sons of Vernon to whom a labor of such a character would be one of love. I do certainly appreciate, and feel highly honored that the committee of ladies, representatives of a patriotic society—Daughters of the American Revolution—having in charge these observances, deemed me worthy of an invitation to participate with them in the dedication of the monument they have caused to be erected in lasting commemoration of old Fort Bridgman and of those who once lived and died here.

Today is the one hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of the attack made against that fort by the Indians, who killed a number of its inhabitants and carried away captives fourteen women and children into Canada. Looking back one hundred and fifty-six years, and more, we of this generation can have but a faint conception of the hardships and dangers encountered, but heroically endured, by the early settlers of this and other towns in the now beautiful valley of the Connecticut River. They came from the south of us, making their way through the unbroken and pathless wilderness, cleared the forests, erected rude houses to live in, cultivated the lands, battled with the wild beasts, fought off the merciless savage foe, and finally succeeded in founding homes for themselves and a long line of their posterity, who, in their turn, have more than fulfilled the expectations and hopes of their ancestors, whose trials, sufferings, endurance and patriotic devo-

tion to liberty and justice unto all men have given unto us of this generation the priceless inheritance of the free government we now enjoy.

There have been erected in this country by the general and state governments, and also through the generosity of its citizenship, many monuments commemorating battles fought; to brave commanders of the army and navy; to distinguished statesmen, orators and jurists; to the heroes of science and art, and to brilliant exemplars in religion and philanthropy. Today we unveil another monument, of enduring stone and bronze, to mark in perpetuity a local and important event in the history of this town and for the instruction of the youth of this and future generations; and we feel a grateful pride in giving honor to the noble and patriotic women through whose efforts its erection has been made possible. The men and women who first came here, braving the dangers and enduring the hardships incident to the early settlements, were the advance guard of civilization and richly deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance.

Previous to 1724 the extreme northerly frontier settlement of the white race in the valley of the Connecticut River was in what is now the town of Northfield, Mass., then known by the Indian name of Squakheag, and embraced, certainly, a part of what is now the towns of Vernon and Hinsdale; was granted in 1672 by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, which at that time claimed lands on both sides of the river as far north as Charlestown, N. H. The grant was to certain individuals residing down the river, mostly residents of Northampton, and the following year several settlers from that town and the towns of Hadley and Hatfield came in and built houses, one of which was fortified. They did not remain long, for the cruel warfare waged against the settlers by King Philip compelled those who survived to abandon their homes and flee southward. The story of the Indian murders in Squakheag and the slaughter of Captain Beers and his men while on their way to this new settlement has been graphically told by Holland in his history of Western Massachusetts. In 1685 a number of families returned, and the settlement became comparatively prosperous until the breaking out of the war of King William with the French government and Indians in 1689; and being exposed to great danger from the incursions made against them from the north, the settlement was again

abandoned and the men with their wives and children fled to Hadley. This withdrawal was for a long period, for the war of Queen Anne soon followed that of King William, and it was not until 1713 that the Squakheag grant was revived under the name of Northfield, preference being given to the descendants of the original grantees, and they, with others, came in and the settlement took permanent shape at a meeting held April 16, 1714, when Deacon Ebenezer Wright was appointed town clerk. The treaty of peace between Great Britain and France was signed April 11, 1713, was proclaimed at Boston the 29th day of October following, and formal peace was made with the Indians at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 11th day of July, 1714; and for a few years thereafter the inhabitants enjoyed a degree of peace they had never before experienced, and settlements were soon made further to the north.

Previous to and during the wars to which I have alluded, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay had granted several large tracts of land to the south, which upon a settlement of the boundary line between that Province and the Colony of Connecticut in 1713, were found to be within the latter colony. Massachusetts, desiring to retain jurisdiction of all the territory she had granted under the hitherto supposition of ownership, entered into an agreement with her sister colony to the effect that the colony of Connecticut should receive 107,793 acres of land, claimed by that Province to the north, as an equivalent for the lands allowed and granted to her lying south of the boundary line which had been determined as being within the Colony of Connecticut. The southern boundary of Massachusetts Bay had been definitely fixed, but it was still uncertain how far to the north her territory extended. The Equivalent Lands claimed by the Province of Massachusetts were located in four different places and on both sides of the river; a portion of them containing 43,943 acres were situated above Northfield on the west bank of the Connecticut River, within the present towns of Putney, Dummerston and Brattleboro, and extended from the mouth of the brook where it empties into the Connecticut River near the northerly end of the Great Meadows in Putney southerly to the mouth of what we know as Broad Brook in the town of Vernon, and was two and one half miles wide at both the north and south ends.

The Colony of Connecticut divided the 107,793 acres it had

received into sixteen shares and the same were sold at public auction at Hartford, Conn., April 24 and 25, to gentlemen from Connecticut, Massachusetts and London, for six hundred and eighty-three pounds, New England currency, which amounted to only about one farthing per acre. The purchasers then being tenants in common of the whole tract made partition among themselves. That portion lying west of the Connecticut River fell to William Dummer, afterwards lieutenant governor of the Massachusetts Bay Province, Anthony Stoddard, William Brattle, for whom Brattleboro was named when subsequently chartered, and John White. These lands were also subsequently conveyed to the four gentlemen named by the governor of the Colony of Connecticut, and were by them, and others holding under them, improved and possessed for many years.

In 1721, at the instigation of one Sebastian Rale, a French Jesuit, who had gained the confidence of the Indians, they again commenced their depredations against the white settlers, and the following year the General Court of Massachusetts Bay declared war against the Indians. Northfield and Deerfield were still frontier towns of the province, and these with other exposed towns were practically defenceless against attacks by the Indians. To more effectually provide for the safety of its frontier inhabitants the General Court in December, 1723, authorized the building of a block house or fort above Northfield and at some convenient place on the Equivalent Lands, so-called, and to post in it forty-eight able white men and eight friendly western and English Indians to be employed as scouts in making excursions at certain periods up the Connecticut and West rivers, the Otter Creek and eastwardly above the Monadnock Mountain for the discovery of any enemy approaching towards the frontier settlements.

Sir William Dummer had, at this time, become lieutenant governor of the Province, and he gave his consent for the erection of a fort upon his own lands, and during the season of 1724 it was completed, given the name of Fort Dummer and was garrisoned by forty-three English soldiers and twelve friendly Indians under the command of Captain Timothy Dwight of Northampton, and subsequently it came under the command of Captain Joseph Kellogg and others. It is unnecessary for me on this occasion to undertake a description of, or to follow out in detail the various incidents connected with, the history of Fort

Dummer, as all this was furnished by Judge Hoyt H. Wheeler in his admirable address delivered at the time of the dedication of the monument erected a few years ago by members of the Society of Colonial Dames of Vermont, residing at Brattleboro and its vicinity, to mark the site upon which the fort stood. Suffice it to say that Fort Dummer with its garrison, maintained for a great many years, was a serious obstruction to the Indians on their way to the frontier settlements below, and was as adequate a defence to the inhabitants as could well be provided for at that time. But notwithstanding the erection of Fort Dummer, and subsequently the erection, under the authority of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, of a cordon of forts from Hoosac, now North Adams, Mass., at different points of advantage along the frontier to the Connecticut River, and northerly as far as Charlestown, N. H., the Indians, aided by the French, found their way to elude discovery by those stationed therein and to descend in their most secret manner upon settlements, pillage, burn, murder the men and carry off captive the women and children.

The township of Hinsdale, which embraced lands lying on both sides of the river, was originally granted by the Province of Massachusetts Bay at a very early period, probably about the time that Squakheag was granted, which was in 1672, for it is stated in a petition, said to be still in existence, presented by Samuel Hunt, through his attorney Oliver Willard, to the provisional government of New York, on the 3d day of November, 1766, that a tract of land embraced within the township of Hinsdale "was purchased of the Indians and granted by the province of Massachusetts Bay near one hundred years ago, was soon afterwards cultivated and settled, and that it was subsequently found to be in the province of New Hampshire, and was confirmed to the proprietors by power dated September 3d, 1753."

The "power" referred to in said petition had reference, no doubt, to the charter issued under that date by Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire, by the provisions of which the township of Hinsdale, comprising lands lying on both sides of the river, was granted to Ebenezer Alexander and ninety-four others; as well also as to the new charter, issued by the same authority but twenty-three days thereafter, under the terms of which the grant was divided into two towns,

the west bank of the river being the line of separation, but each to be known and called by the name of Hinsdale, and was so called until October 21, 1802, when by an act of the legislature of the State of Vermont the name of Hinsdale in Vermont was changed to that of Vernon.

The statement in the Hunt petition "that it was subsequently found to be in the province of New Hampshire," had reference, of course, to the determination of the boundary line between the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire August 5, 1740, by the King in Council, when it was "adjudged, ordered and decreed that the northern boundaries of the Province of Massachusetts Bay are and be a similar curve line, pursuing the course of the Merrimack River, at three miles distance on the north side thereof, beginning at the Atlantic Ocean, and ending at a point due north at a place in a plan returned by the Commissioners called Pawtucket Falls, and a straight line drawn from thence due west across said river, till it meets His Majesty's other governments," which was the Province of New York.

Pursuant to the aforesaid decree the line was run under the direction of Governor Belcher of Massachusetts Bay in the winter and early spring of 1741; the westerly portion, extending from a certain pine tree standing three miles due north of Pawtucket Falls, was run by a surveyor by the name of Richard Hazen to the Hudson River, that being the easterly line of the Province of New York as claimed by the authorities of New Hampshire province. Mr. Hazen, instead of running the line "due west" according to the decree of the King in Council, by order of Governor Belcher, who, it would seem, was anxious to secure all the lands to Massachusetts that was possible, ran on a course west ten degrees north, magnetic, under the claim that the variation of the needle had been such that in order to project a line "due west" it was necessary to run upon that course. Subsequent investigations, however, established the fact that the variation of the needle, at that time, was from seven and one half to eight degrees only. So long a time had elapsed before the discovery that the line had been run upon a wrong course, and titles had become perfected, that it could not be changed or disturbed except by the coöperative act of the legislatures of the states interested. An examination of every map ever published, so far as I have been able to discover, shows the boundary line

between the two states, tracing it along from east to west, bears to the north of "due west." Had the line been run as was ordered by the King in Council, quite a portion of Northfield and nearly the whole of the city of North Adams and the town of Williamstown would be within the State of Vermont.

By the settlement of this boundary line in 1741, as well as by other acts of the British government, the jurisdiction of New Hampshire was established as far west, ~~to~~ say the least, as Massachusetts claimed and exercised; that is, to a line twenty miles east of the Hudson River. In accordance with such claim, Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire, January 3, 1749, made a grant of the township of Bennington, the west line of which was twenty miles east of the Hudson River, and from that time to August 4, 1763, he issued charters creating one hundred and twenty-nine other townships, now a part of the State of Vermont.

March 12, 1663, and June 29, 1664, King Charles the Second by his several letters patent granted, in fee, to his brother, the Duke of York, all the land from the west side of Connecticut River to the east side of Delaware Bay. December 28, 1763, Lieutenant Governor Colden, then the acting governor of New York, issued a proclamation claiming jurisdiction as far east as the Connecticut River by virtue of the grant of King Charles aforesaid, and commanded the sheriff of the County of Albany to make return of the names of all persons who had taken possession of lands under grants from the governor of New Hampshire.

To this claim Governor Wentworth earnestly protested, and in order to inspire confidence in the validity of his grants and to encourage settlements thereunder, March 13, 1764, he issued his proclamation, as he claimed by and with the consent of His Majesty's Council, asserting the jurisdiction of New Hampshire over all lands as far westward as the west line of Massachusetts extended, claiming that the pretended grant to the Duke of York was obsolete and void.

Governor Colden then petitioned the King for a confirmation of the charter of King Charles to the Duke of York, supplementing and supporting the same by a petition purporting to be signed by a large number of the settlers under the New Hampshire grants, setting forth that it would be greatly to their advantage

to be annexed to the Province of New York; and by an order issued by the King in Council on the 20th day of July, 1764, the western bank of the Connecticut River was decreed to be the true boundary line between the two provinces.

Governor Wentworth remonstrated against this change of jurisdiction, and after due deliberation by many of the inhabitants holding title under the grants of Governor Wentworth, chose Mr. Samuel Robinson their agent to proceed to England and lay their grievances before the King, and secure, if possible, a confirmation of their title under the New Hampshire grants. Mr. Robinson prepared a full and complete statement of the facts which he laid before His Majesty, King George, who, after much consideration in Council, reversed his former decree and did then order and command the governor of the Province of New York, "under pain of His Majesty's highest displeasure" not to make any further grants whatsoever of lands which had theretofore been granted by the governor of New Hampshire until His Majesty's further pleasure should be made known.

Notwithstanding this inhibition, and in direct disobedience of the order of the King, the governors of New York issued grants of nearly two million acres for which they, and other officials of that province, received in fees from the grantees, a sum of money amounting to \$190,933.73, and for which there could be no other reasonable motive but the avarice and greed of government officials, even of that early day. Among the grants thus made was one by Governor Tryon of November 23, 1771, granting to Colonel Thomas Howard large tracts of land lying in what is now the towns of Guilford and Vernon.

In the main, those who claimed title under the New York grants were land speculators residing in New York, and but few of them ever became actual settlers; while the great majority of the inhabitants who held title by virtue of their grants from New Hampshire, had paid for, cleared and cultivated their lands, built houses with the view, only, of making for themselves and families permanent homes and they were determined to maintain and defend their possessions at all hazards.

As a result, a large number of suits in ejectment were brought against them returnable at Albany, where the defendants were compelled to appear before judges dependent for their tenure of office upon the Royal Governor of New York. On the trial

of these actions the Court ruled that duly authenticated copies of the orders of the King in Council, and of grants made pursuant thereto, were not admissible in evidence. Having to abandon their legal defence, law and justice being denied them, the settlers were obliged to invoke other measures for the protection of their rights. It was on the occasion of one of these trials that Ethan Allen appeared for the defence, and the decision of the court being against his client, he arose and in tones of great indignation informed the Court that "The gods of the valleys were not the gods of the hills"; and the true interpretation of that bold declaration was subsequently made manifest whenever a New York sheriff appeared armed with a writ of possession to dispossess the settler and his family from his house and lands honestly acquired and paid for. The "twigs of the wilderness," otherwise known as the "beech seal," wielded by the strong and sturdy hands of brave men who knew their rights, "and knowing dared maintain," were applied to the bare backs of the sheriffs, who without making service of their writs were glad to get back to Albany alive. Such was the determined resistance to the enforcement of these unjust judgments of a partisan court that not a single settler holding title under a New Hampshire grant was dispossessed of his home.

The last attempt on the part of the authorities of New York to exercise judicial functions in the territory now composing the State of Vermont was at Westminster, where a term of the court was appointed to be held March 14, 1775. Men who had always been opposed to the pretended authority of New York over the inhabitants of the New Hampshire Grants, some of whom had been put to great expense in defending their titles, assembled at the courthouse the evening before, unarmed except with clubs, with the determination that the court should not convene the next day for the trial of causes to which several of them were parties. During the night Sheriff Patterson appeared with an armed force, fired into the courthouse, secured entrance, captured and cast into the jail dungeon several prisoners, among whom was William French of Dummerston, who died that night from a gunshot wound, and Daniel Houghton of the same town, who was mortally wounded and died within a few days thereafter. It is recorded that in this affray Lieutenant Philip Safford of Rockingham knocked down ten of the court party with his

club, and that Dr. Reuben Jones of the same town rode hatless to Dummerston carrying news of the massacre and to procure assistance. The court did convene the next morning, but the docket was not called nor was any business transacted except to adjourn to the next June term, which was never held.

I have thus, as briefly as it was possible, referred to this early history in order to show to the present generation the inborn patriotism and sterling character of the early settlers of these familiar valleys and hills. These men, scattered through an hundred townships, thoroughly united in a common cause—great, strong, broad-chested, brainy men—laid the foundation of our grand old State of Vermont, so rich in heroic deeds and so lustrous in song and story that its sons and daughters wheresoever residing can say with pride, "We, too, are sons and daughters of Vermont."

While it is true that the inhabitants of this town were divided in their allegiance as between the authorities of New York on the one hand and that of New Hampshire and the new and independent State of Vermont on the other, yet it may be said that they were practically united in behalf of the independence of the Colonies during the war of the Revolution, and bore an honorable part in that sanguinary struggle; and her sons have demonstrated their patriotism and loyalty to our country ever since.

We will now briefly recur to local events in which you have an interest, and such as have given occasion for our coming together today. No one can now tell who were the first that made a settlement in this town, or the time when they came here. Mr. Zadock Thompson in his history of Vermont, published in 1824, enlarged and again published in 1842, states that "Vernon was one of the first settled townships in the state, but the precise time of its commencement is not known." He adds, however, that the earliest inhabitants were emigrants from Northampton and Northfield, Mass. Leonard Deming in the Appendix to his Vermont officers, published in 1851, agrees with Thompson. Hall, in his History of Eastern Vermont, states that Amos Tute "was one of the earliest inhabitants of the town of Vernon, and for the period in which he lived was a man of wealth and influence." He married Mrs. Jemima Howe, known as the "Fair Captive," on her return from captivity, having been taken prisoner on the very spot where we now stand, by the Indians, June

27, 1755. It is said he held the commission of coroner from April 7, 1768, and held the inquest on the body of William French, who was killed on the night of the massacre at Westminster courthouse. The records show that he was born April 17, 1730, and died April 17, 1790, aged sixty years.

Josiah Sartwell moved into town, and in 1738 erected a block-house, ever after known as Fort Sartwell, on the west side of the highway where the dwelling house occupied so many years by Ebenezer Howe, a great-great-grandson of Josiah Sartwell, and now owned and occupied by Mr. S. S. Pike, stands, and nearly all historians agree that Orlando Bridgman the same year (although some claim it to have been a year earlier) erected a block-house thereafter known as "Fort Bridgman," upon the spot where the marker we this day dedicate is located; therefore, at that time Amos Tute was a lad of but seven or eight years of age. Nor can it be supposed that Josiah Sartwell and Orlando Bridgman came into the then wilderness and erected these blockhouses without the assistance of others. These forts are said to have been twenty feet wide by thirty-eight feet in length, built of large square timbers laid horizontally one above the other, locked together at the angles in the manner of log cabins, were roofed and furnished with loopholes on every side through which to observe the approach of an enemy; that the upper story projected over the lower, and in the upper flooring other loopholes were constructed to enable those within to fire downward on the assailants. Fort Bridgman is said to have been the most pretentious of the two forts, was subsequently protected by a stockade, and was the only place, except Fort Dummer, picketed and considered secure in this vicinity. On page 26 of Hall's History of Eastern Vermont may be seen a picture of Sartwell's fort, which he states was not taken down until 1838, when some of its timbers, being sound, were put into the new house erected by Mr. Howe upon the site where the fort stood. Mr. Thompson on page 68 of his Vermont history produces a picture of Fort Bridgman, which he states was standing at the time he wrote in 1824. In an article furnished by the "Whithed Family," published in Vol. 5, page 329, of Miss Hemenway's Historical Gazetteer, it is stated that Ensign Samuel Stratton, second son of Hezekiah Stratton of Northfield, Mass., was born February 8, 1720, settled in that section now known as Vernon, Vermont, where

he purchased large tracts of land which were occupied by himself and descendants for six generations. That at an "early period, he and one or two others having built log houses, were the first white men to take up their residence there, and it is not improbable that our ancestor was the first white man to lead the settlement to that town." And yet the earliest deed of land to Ensign Stratton in what is now Vernon was not given until 1746, in His Majesty's reign of George II, which was, of course, some eight years after the erection of Forts Sartwell and Bridgman.

June 24, 1746, a party of Indians killed William Robbins and James Baker, who were working in the meadow near where we are now assembled, wounded Michael Gilson and Patrick Ray, and took Joseph Beeman and Daniel Howe prisoners, but not until the latter had killed one of his captors. Traveling of every kind was so hazardous that the settlers were obliged to go to the mill with an armed guard whenever they wanted meal. It is recorded that on one occasion during the summer of 1746 a party of twenty men from Vernon, who went to Hinsdale's Mill, situated on the east side of the river, with Colonel Willard at their head, discovered a party of Indians in ambush, but that the Indians were received with such resolution that they made a hasty retreat, leaving their packs in the hands of Colonel Willard and his party.

In August, 1747, Jonathan Sartwell was captured, and several others in the vicinity were killed. Early in October of that year the Indians burned Fort Bridgman, killed several persons and took others prisoners. Whenever prisoners were captured, whether men, women or children, they were compelled to march, on foot, through the wilderness, usually to Crown Point, and from thence taken in canoes through Lake Champlain to Canada, where they remained until voluntarily released, were ransomed, or were able to make their escape.

After the burning of Fort Bridgman in 1747, it was rebuilt on a more extensive scale and greater means provided for its defence, and was considered as secure against a successful attack as any garrison in its vicinity; but on the 27th day of June, 1755, just one hundred and fifty-six years ago today, a most disastrous affair occurred which carried dismay to other of the settlements up and down the river. It is recorded that on the

morning of that day, Caleb Howe with his two young sons, Hilkiah Grout and Benjamin Gaffield, left the fort and went to work in a cornfield near the bank of the river. On their return, just before sundown, they were fired upon by a party of Indians who lay in ambush. Mr. Howe and his two sons were on horseback, and he was shot in the thigh and fell to the ground; whereupon the redskins pierced his body with spears, scalped him, left him for dead and took his two sons prisoners. Gaffield was drowned in attempting to cross the river, but Mr. Grout escaped. The Indians then proceeded to the fort, where the women, who had heard the firing, were anxiously awaiting the return of the men and boys; in some way they had become possessed of the signal to be given in order to obtain admission through the gate of the stockade, probably extorted from the young lads, gave the signal and were readily admitted. The three families, consisting of Mrs. Jemima Howe and her seven children, Mary, Submit Phips, William, Moses, Squire, and Caleb Howe, and a babe six months old; Mrs. Submit Grout and her three children, Hilkiah, Asa, and Martha, and Mrs. Gaffield with her daughter Eunice, fourteen in all, were taken prisoners, and after plundering and setting fire to the fort, the Indians with their prisoners took up the long and dreary march for Canada. They were nine days in reaching the shores of Lake Champlain, and after resting one week at Crown Point they proceeded in canoes down the lake and ended their journey at St. Francis on the river St. Lawrence. Mrs. Howe, after experiencing a series of adventures, was finally redeemed through the efforts of Colonel Schuyler and Major Putnam, afterwards General Putnam, and other gentlemen who had taken a great interest in her behalf. Of the others, the youngest child died, another was given to Governor Vaudreuil of Canada, and the two daughters were placed in a convent in that province. One of these was afterwards taken to France, where she married a Frenchman named Cron Lewis. The other was subsequently redeemed by Mrs. Howe, who made the journey to Canada for that purpose. Mrs. Howe was said to have been a most beautiful woman in form, feature and character; she was afterwards married to Amos Tute, and died in Vernon March 7, 1805, aged eighty-two years.

My friends, you have erected this monument to mark the location of Fort Bridgman; but it has a much greater significance

than that even. It is your mark of honor to the memory of the brave, patient and self-sacrificing men and women of a former generation—the early fathers and mothers of this goodly town—who blazed the way for their descendants to follow after and for the attainment of a greater degree of happiness and prosperity than it was ever theirs to enjoy. It also serves to perpetuate important and most interesting events in the early history of this town, which cannot fail to incite your children and your children's children to the study of local history, ever remembering that local history is the true foundation of all history.

SKETCH

JEMIMA HOWE, THE FAIR CAPTIVE

MRS. J. L. STOCKWELL

No history is more interesting to a nation than the narrative of its own origin and progress. No events are more attractive to young and old than the incidents of varied suffering and prosperity, of romance and of sturdy fact, which cluster around the beginning of their country's existence. The heroic achievements of our early settlers are related in hovel and palace with equal pride and admiration. Perhaps there is no nation on the face of the earth that has so much patriotic pride in their ancestry as our own. A son of our state whose green and beautiful mountains have given it a name, feels his bosom glow as warmly when the name of Ethan Allen is mentioned as did the Greek when speaking of his Hercules, or the Roman when relating the deeds of Romulus. There is no nation indeed which has more reason to be proud of its founders than our own, and there are no states, within the broad boundaries of our country, whose early history is fraught with incidents so interesting, or so full of exciting adventure, as is that of Vermont and New Hampshire. The first settlers of these states were men of strong arms and brave hearts, who came with wives as energetic and fearless as themselves, to hew them out a home from among the dense and tangled forests which then covered these fields. They were accustomed to the hardships of a frontier life. They understood the ways of the savage tribes which surrounded them, and were, most of them, more than a match for their wily foe in all the arts and stratagems of Indian warfare. True, they were sometimes overpowered by numbers, or lured by the savages into traps set for their destruction; but still it seems almost a wonder that they were able to exist, or to stand at all against a numerous and cunning enemy. Their settlements were scattered; so much so, that frequently one family was located several miles distant from any other. Such a position was, of course, exposed at all times to open and secret

attacks from a savage foe, and called for the most extreme caution on the part of the adventurous settlers. Following, as this does, the eloquent historical address of Colonel Haskins, it seems unnecessary that I give any account of the early settlements in our state and will simply outline, briefly, the captivity of Mrs. Jenima Howe in 1755.

As Caleb Howe, Hilkiah Grout and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, west of the river, were returning home, a little before sunset, to a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by twelve Indians who had ambushed their path. Howe was on horseback with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball, which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground; his horse ran a few rods and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians, in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp and left him in this forlorn condition. He was found alive the next morning by a party of men from Fort Hinsdale, and being asked by one of the party if he knew him, he answered, "Yes, I know you all." These were his last words, though he did not expire until his friends had arrived. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt. But Gaffield in attempting to wade through the river at a place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Encouraged with their success here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort. There was no man in it and only three women and some children—Mrs. Jenima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield; their husbands I need not mention again; and their feelings at this juncture I will not attempt to describe. Hearing a noise outside and thinking some of their friends were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them, when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise in rushed a number of hideous Indians. Mrs. Gaffield had one child, Mrs. Grout, three, and Mrs. Howe, seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was eleven years and the youngest but six months. Mrs. Howe gave the foregoing account.

"The Indians," she says, "having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched about a mile and a half into the woods where we encamped that night. Early the next morning, we set off for Canada and continued our march eight days successively until we reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. Some of the party had

a hard lot, and among the children I thought my son, Squire, had the hardest of any. He was then only four years old and when we stopped to rest and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off, and sometimes with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, were to be seen long afterwards.

"At length we arrived at Crown Point and took up our quarters there for the space of nearly a week. From hence we set off for St. Johns in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness. A heavy storm hung over us, the sound of rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which at every flash of lightning seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted. In this posture we sailed in our open, tottering canoes almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning had not dawned when we went ashore, and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down for rest, my youngest child with me, but not knowing where any of my other children might be. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever-present and all-powerful Providence which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. Johns. Soon after our arrival, a council, consisting of the chief Sachem and some principal warriors, was convened, and after the ceremonies were over, I was delivered to an old squaw whom the Indians told me I must call my mother. My youngest child was still the property of its original Indian owners. I was permitted, however, to keep it with me a while longer for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I acquainted my new mother that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her and fare as the Indians did. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations that I might be disposed of among some of the inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the smallpox, of which distemper she died

soon after our return. And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt. I was ordered to return my poor child, shrieking and screaming enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those unfeeling wretches whose tender mercies may be termed cruel. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of Indians to the lower end of Lake Champlain. In about a month after it was my good fortune to follow them, but it afforded me no great pleasure to see the child, it being greatly emaciated and almost starved. I was obliged to take my leave of it on the morning of the third day after my arrival. We moved down the lake several miles that day, and the following night was remarkable on account of the great earthquake which terribly shook that howling wilderness. Among the islands hereabouts we spent the winter season. A little later I received the tidings of the death of my youngest child, but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased, as for the living children.

"When the winter broke up we removed to St. Johns, and through the ensuing summer our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. Shortly afterwards, and for a trifling consideration, I was sold to a French gentleman whose name was Saccapee. After my Indian master had disposed of me and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him, his resentment began to kindle and his indignation rose so high that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone, or if he could not revenge himself thus, that he would set fire to the fort. I was, therefore, secreted in an upper chamber and the fort carefully guarded until his wrath had time to cool. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous toward me as I could reasonably expect. Consequently I was able to administer aid and food to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. Johns during my stay there. In this work I was greatly assisted by the governor and Colonel Schuyler, who was then a prisoner. He also succeeded in taking my daughter from the Indians and conveyed her to a nunnery, where my eldest daughter was. Here they were both well looked after and carefully educated, and continued while the war between France and Great Britain lasted. At the conclusion of which war, the governor went home to France, took my oldest

daughter along with him and married her there to a French gentleman whose name was Cron Lewis. My other daughter still continued in the nunnery. In regard to the means and manner of my redemption, to the accomplishment of which, the recovery of my daughter, who, with great reluctance left the nunnery—and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little, to whose goodness I am greatly indebted and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget it. Colonel Schuyler, in particular, was so very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livres to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany and entertained us in the most hospitable manner, a considerable time, at his own home, and I believe entirely at his own expense."

On her return from captivity, she married Amos Tute, a man six feet and seven inches in height, broad shouldered and of well-developed form. She retained her youthful beauty to so great an extent that she received the appellation of the fair captive. It has been remarked by many residents of Vernon that they were the handsomest couple that ever resided here. They had two children, whom they buried.

We find these epitaphs in the cemetery south of this spot:

IN MEMORY OF MR. AMOS TUTE
WHO DIED APR. 17, 1790, IN THE 60TH
YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Were I so tall to Reach the Pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span
I must be measured by my soul
The mind's the standard of the man.

ALSO

MRS. JEMIMA TUTE
SUCCESSIVELY RELICT OF MESSRS. WILLIAM PHIPPS,
CALEB HOWE & AMOS TUTE

The two first were killed by the Indians—
Phipps July 5th, 1743
Howe June 27th, 1755
When Howe was killed she & her children
Then seven in number
Were carried into captivity.

The oldest, a daughter, went to France
And was married to a French gentleman.
The youngest was torn from her breast
And perished with hunger.
By the aid of some benevolent Gentlemen
And her own personal Heroism
She recovered the rest.
She had two by her last Husband
Outlived both him and them
And died March 7th, 1805, aged 82.
Having passed through more vicissitudes
And endured more hardships
Than any of her contemporaries.
No more can savage foes annoy—
Nor aught her wide spread fame destroy.

The memory of her gracious womanhood will endure forever and will be an inspiration to all those left behind her. The waters of the big Connecticut wind along the grassy slope of the old burial ground, the forest trees and pines bend low their branches as though to shelter from life's turmoil the hallowed spot, and Jemima Howe Tute slumbers on, her name and deeds engraved on the immortal roll of fame.

She fought "the good fight," *not* as man,
But better still, as only *woman* can.

June 27, 1911.

READING

JEMIMA HOWE TUTE'S WILL

MRS. MARY HOWE BURTON, Clinton, Mass.

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Jemima Tute of Hinsdale, in the County of Windham and State of Vermont, Gentlewoman, Solemnly considering the frailty of human nature, and knowing that it is appointed for all mankind once to die, do make and ordain this to be my last Will and Testament, on this fifth day of August in the year of our Lord, Seventeen hundred and Ninety seven.

Principally—I recommend my Soul into the hands of God the Father of Spirits; and my Body to be decently buried by my Executors herein after named, fully believing the doctrine of the resurrection of the Body at the second and glorious appearing of the Son of God, for whose sake alone I hope for the pardon of all my sins, and an inheritance among the Saints of light.

And touching upon the worldly estate wherein it has pleased God to bless me, I dispose in the manner following;—

Firstly I order my executor to pay all my just debts and funereal expences, out of my personal Estate.—

Also I give to my two Grand daughters, Polly the wife of William How, and Charlotte Willard all my clothes, wearing apparel and household furniture, to be equally divided among them.

Also—I give all my personal Estate that I have not given, to be equally divided between my three Grand Children, Polly How, the wife of William How—Charlotte Willard, and Jonathan Willard, to be equally divided among them.

Also—I give all my real Estate wheresoever it is to my Sons, Moses How, Squire How, Caleb How—and my Grandson, William How—to be equally divided between them; and if my Son, Caleb How, should not come for his share of my real Estate within one year after my decease, that then my real Estate should be divided between my two Sons, Moses How, Squire How, and my Grand Son William How, to be equally divided between them. And, I do hereby ordain and appoint Arad Hunt Esq' Sole Executor to this my last Will and Testament.—

JEMIMA TUTE. (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published & declared to be her last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who were witnesses to the same, and signed this instrument as Witnesses In the presence of the Testator and of each other.—

JONATHAN CARVER.

JOHN PEELER jun;

JOHN BRIDGMAN.

CODICILE.

In the name of God, Amen—I Jemima Tute of Hinsdale, in the County of Windham and State of Vermont, Gentlewoman do this twenty ninth day of November A. D. Seventeen hundred and Ninety eight, do make and publish this Codicile, as part of the foregoing Will and Testament as follows, Viz—

Whereas I have paid for my Son, Moses How out of my personal Estate which I intended should have gone to my three Grand Children, Polly How, Charlotte Willard, and Jonathan Willard the sum of Five hundred dollars, *now* it is my Will that my said Grand Children, Polly How, Charlotte Willard, and Jonathan Willard should have the value of Five hundred dollars worth of my real Estate, and that my Son Moses How should have Five hundred dollars worth less, then he would otherwise have had—if I had not paid the said Five hundred dollars for him.

And I do hereby ordain, depute, and appoint Arad Hunt Esq' Sole Executor to this Codicile of my last Will and Testament.—

Signed, sealed, published and declared to be an alteration of the last Will and Testament, and the same to be considered as part thereof in the presence thereof—who were Witnesses to the same, and signed this Instrument as Witnesses in the presence of the Testator and of each other.

WILLIAM BIGELOW
JONATHAN CARVER
JOHN BRIDGEMAN

JEMIMA TUTE (L. S.)

Copied from the Probate records (District of Marlboro).

Mrs. N. M. P. Akeley.

GREETINGS TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND THEIR GUESTS

BY HENRY D. HOLTON

It gives me pleasure to be present on this most interesting occasion and to bring to you the greetings of the Vermont Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. We congratulate you upon marking this historic site of one of the earliest forts in this part of the Connecticut valley.

As we have just been told, from this home of the pioneers were taken the "Fair Captive" and her children, leaving her husband to die of wounds inflicted by the captors. Living in our peaceful homes here it is impossible for us, even in a remote way, to realize what such a captivity meant. This tablet will indicate to all future generations that the descendants of Jemima Howe, and the residents in this valley a century and a half later, held in loving and sacred memory the dwellers here who suffered and died in the establishment of a free government.

Let us not forget that this was two decades before the first blood of the Revolution was spilt in Westminster in the killing of William French by the Tory troops. But this, the Deerfield massacre and the various other murderous attacks by both the French and Indians were apparently necessary to the final establishment of the government under which we live today.

What a heritage is this! In dedicating this marker, let us as individuals and as communities pause and consider in what measure we are keeping the trust which has come down to us. This trust did not consist alone of the formation and maintenance of a republican form of government, but also of those adjuncts that are essential to its prosperity, the church, the school, with the proper training of each generation in all the virtues that go to the development of integrity, fidelity, justice and the homely one of honesty. All of these come from the training in the home.

With the heroic ancestry, to whose memory we dedicate this tablet, looking down upon us today, let each of us carefully con-

sider in what measure we are meeting the obligations imposed upon us. For the maintenance of our Republic as transmitted to us by the fathers and mothers of these Colonial years we must possess their Puritan principles, hopes and faiths. We must forsake the artificial life and live the simple life that followed the war of the Revolution down to the time of the Civil War. Emerging from that struggle for the preservation of the Union, we found ourselves transformed into a nation in which the spirit of "get rich quick" with all its attending extravagant ideas was dominant. The large bounties given to enlist for service in the Civil War, the great fortunes made by speculation in army supplies had roused in the breasts of the people the demon of extravagance. We cannot expect to bring this or subsequent generations to live the quiet life, or to be satisfied with the modest environments of our grandsires. However we should try to establish our children upon the firm foundation of honest effort in the realm of dignified labor. The attempt to secure a place among men, as well as a competency, except by persistent, honest toil, while practicing a reasonable economy, should be discouraged. Our daughters, although they may have the disciplined mind resulting from a college training, should be taught under the mother's eye the art of homemaking in all of its details, in no other way can they reach the highest of all attainments when the call comes from a true man to join him in the life work of home building. The real cure for most of the evils which now engage the attention of lawmakers and philanthropists must be provided in the training of children in the home.

The greatest menace of the Republic today is to be found in the decadence of our homes. With the father given over wholly to business, or politics, or pleasures, and the mother devoting her time to fashions, idle pleasures or clubs of pseudo-literature, the children left to look after themselves, secure their training, or form their habits in the street or from hired attendants not fitted for such duties, is it any wonder that inquiries into public corruption are the order of the day? For we must remember that the home is the fountain of public morals. The home must be again the Holy of Holies. Children are not taught to render implicit obedience to parents, hence do not respect them nor heed advice regarding their conduct. Being devoid of respect for paternal advice, they seek freedom from the presence of those

who offer it. Without any consideration or appreciation of what marriage or home making mean, or the sacred character of the vows supposed to be solemnly taken, they hastily assume the new relations with as little sense of the responsibility they incur as they do in purchasing a pair of shoes, which, if they do not suit them, they can exchange at any time for another pair which, they fancy, will prove more acceptable. Therefore, instead of conforming to the new environment in which they find themselves, with united effort trying to assimilate their desires, adapting themselves to the new relation, they determine not to submit to the restraints to overcome the petty differences, and straightway seek release in the courts from the sacred obligations they have assumed to bear and forbear, to love and cherish, until death do them part. The home that was to be is deserted and another divorce goes to swell the number which disgrace the social life under the best government in the world. Right here in our own good State of Vermont divorces have increased in the last twenty-five years from one divorce in twenty marriages to about one in eight. This condition involves serious questions. First, that of citizenship in its moral, religious and physical aspects. If it continues it means the destruction of the state itself. The remedies must be sought in placing, early in life, greater restraints upon the impulses tending to disregard the rights of others. The legal causes for which divorces are granted should be reduced. The church should make its teachings relating to the sacred character of marriage more emphatic. The church, the state, the school, should all unite in an effort to discourage hasty, ill-considered marriages. First, let there be a return in the home to what is essential in all governments, obedience to constituted authority.

ADDRESS FOR TOWN OF VERNON

REV. G. E. TYLER, Bristol, Conn.

Madam Regent and Members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am grateful for the honor conferred upon me by the invitation to speak on this occasion for the Town of Vernon. And I feel that it is an added honor to speak at this particular time on your program. Down in Connecticut, where I reside, when they are preparing the program for a large gathering with several speakers, they put the little fellows on to speak first because any speaker can hold and interest an audience when the hearers are fresh and attentive; but they usually keep the "big guns" until later.

Therefore, to speak at this particular time brings increased honor but with it also a responsibility, which my friend from Northfield, who is to follow me, doubtless feels also, that we should do our best, and thus prove our title to such distinction.

I confess, at the outset, that I am in a dilemma, for although I have been asked to speak today for my native town, yet, not having been a resident here for twenty-eight years, I scarcely know whether I am to speak as host or as guest. But I think, under the circumstances, you will allow me to speak on both sides of that question before I get through.

I wish, first of all, to testify to my love for dear old Vermont. And this is no spasmodic outburst of emotion with me. Vermont and her people are dearer to me than any others, and whenever I meet Vermonters in my travels, I instantly feel a strong attachment for them. In 1893 I was in Chicago visiting the World's Columbian Exposition, and one day, while viewing the exhibits, up in a gallery of the great manufactures building, I came upon a booth where souvenirs of many kinds were offered for sale. A bright, attractive young lady was in charge, and amongst other desirable articles, she was selling a large magazine or portfolio, containing cuts of the Exposition. I said to her, "I should like one of them, but I do not wish to carry it about with me." She very graciously replied, "The price is twenty-five cents, and for

that sum we will mail a copy, postpaid, to any address in the country." I quickly handed her a quarter and said, "Send a copy to George E. Tyler, South Vernon, Vt." (My family were then in town for a few weeks.) "What," said she, "are you a Vermonter?" "I am," said I, "a real native of the old Green Mountain State." "Well," she replied, "so am I. I am from St. Johnsbury." She extended her hand and, while I would not say, of course, that I fell in love with this new-found acquaintance, yet I did feel drawn toward her and it seemed as if she were an old friend.

Some two weeks after, I joined my family here, and on reaching South Vernon I found the portfolio, for which I had paid the young lady in Chicago. Of course I expected to find it, for Vermont girls can be safely trusted. Everybody, I suppose, can be trusted in Vermont. The farmers can be trusted to give sixteen ounces to the pound; merchants can be trusted to use yardsticks that are thirty-six inches long; even lawyers and editors can be trusted to tell the truth in Vermont, otherwise they are certainly untrue to the time-honored traditions of this grand, sturdy old commonwealth.

Another word or two for her worthy daughters. The poet, John G. Saxe, has long since described them as "very sweet." They are not only sweet, but sensible, loving and true, and, with rare exceptions, they are very good looking. They are also intensely patriotic, else we should not have been called here today to celebrate the noble and valiant deeds of the good men and women whose lives hallowed these verdant hillsides and fertile valleys in the days of long ago.

How can our children emulate the example of the worthy fathers who have gone before us unless we hold up before them the record of their toil, their suffering, their sacrifices and their heroism?

It seems but yesterday that your speaker stood on the school-room floor down here in district number five, and with toes to a crack in the floor, made his bow and recited those immortal lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

It is, therefore, a most commendable work that the Daughters of the American Revolution should, in this way, seek to perpetuate the memory of those early settlers whose lives have been so ably and eloquently pictured by the speakers who have preceded me on this platform today.

We should not forget that we are in danger of departing from the homely domestic and civic virtues that characterized those sturdy men, and I fear that there is much truth expressed in the lines of the Quaker poet, lines which seem fitting at this time, and which I would like to repeat if my memory does not fail me.

"Over the roofs of the pioneers,
Gathers the moss of a hundred years;
On man and his works has passed the change
Which needs must be in a century's range.
The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run.
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain:
But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold;

"To the lust of office and greed of trade,
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.

"Everywhere is the grasping hand,
And eager adding of land to land:
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—
A nightly shelter to fold away
When the Lord should call at the break of day,—
Solid and steadfast seems to be,
And Time has forgotten Eternity!"

Are these words true? Have we forgotten the faith of the fathers and are we building upon their good name and fame while we forget the noble and heroic spirit with which they toiled and builded and wrought a rich heritage to bequeath to the generations following? We must remember that no man can hope to attain success merely upon the good name of a noble ancestry. He must go forth to carve out for himself a worthy character and if he fails to maintain, before his fellow men, the honor of a good name, inherited from his fathers, he will soon come to be known as the black sheep in the family.

Leaving, for the present, further allusion to the pioneers of these regions, I wish to pay a brief but sincere tribute to the memory of many of the good men of my boyhood days who have honored this old township with their upright lives—the men of Vernon thirty years ago. It is a pleasure to recall such names as that of my friend, the late Senator Marshall I. Reed, Dr. Thomas Goodwillie, Lawyer N. F. Bryant, Squire Washburn, the Johnsons, Whitheds, Browns, Scotts, Stebbinses, Allens, and others whose names should be included in this list—the men to whom it is a pleasure to refer as, in every way, the worthy successors of those earlier fathers who blazed the way for these later generations.

I am aware that some of these men have stood for an unpopular cause. But what of that? It is to such men that we owe all that is best and dearest in life, the men who have lived in advance of their times, and who have afterwards been found to be right, and safe men to follow.

For all these reasons, I am glad to be here today amid the familiar scenes of my native land.

It seems fitting that I should speak for your scattered sons and daughters, and bring greetings from them on this happy and notable occasion. From the home state they have gone forth to every field of activity, there, I trust, to honor the state of their nativity; but though absent from your borders, we are in spirit with you still. Your children are glad to come home betimes. We come to share your burdens and your sorrows; we come to rejoice with you in your joy and your prosperity. We bid you Godspeed in every good work. Go forth to keep alive forever the unstained annals of the pioneers; go forth to make our dear old Vermont, as she has been in the past, in every way worthy the

honor of good men everywhere. Go on: your scattered sons and daughters are with you.

“Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.”

And when our battles are over, and life's work is done, we want to come back and rest in the soil of our Fatherland, side by side with you. To rest amid the scenes of our childhood, where the breezes softly murmur through the maples and the birds sing so sweetly all the day. To rest here until the grand reveille shall summon the faithful to the crown and the mansion now waiting.

My friends, it has afforded me much pleasure to be with you today, and I thank you for your kind attention.

ADDRESS

DR. N. P. WOOD, Northfield, Mass.

Madam Regent:

We are met here today to perform a fitting and important ceremony. It is a most auspicious occasion. Our environment is most propitious.

We are inhabitants of one of the most beautiful valleys on the face of the earth. Her rock-ribbed and majestic hills, her peaceful and fertile meadows and the "winding and willow-fringed Connecticut" possess a charm of beauty rarely equalled and never excelled. Only one other river valley in the world can boast of so many educational institutions of the highest order as are erected in this of ours.

Above and beyond this, we are a free people and because of the dignified and important service we are met here today to perform we are impressed more and more with the significance of American citizenship. The Daughters of the American Revolution are rendering an important and enduring service to the present and the future generations by marking on this beautiful tablet in a way "that he who runs may read," one of the prominent facts of the early history of this vicinity.

We are fond of this valley, proud of its history and rural beauty and we believe that along the shores of this beautiful river can be found enough historical data out of which can be wrought, by the aid of an artist, volumes of romances equal to Betty Alden or Standish of Standish.

It is an important fact that the inhabitants of this beautiful valley have had a voice and an influence in the growth of this country; in the shaping of its institutions and in the development of its civilization during all the time, save about sixty years, since the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. In the history of our state or nation, facts like the one commemorated here today by this tablet are not important in the sense that battles, sieges and senates are important. But they are important in that they help to elucidate the condition of society and the struggles for civilization in our Colonial history. He who would understand

the progress of our national growth and civilization must not confine his observation to congresses and solemn days. He must see ordinary men in their ordinary business and their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle with the crowd and know of the ordinary struggles of humanity. An attractive writer of history is he who has a vivid imagination; who enlivens his dry and dignified facts with the rich coloring from romance, ballad and chronicle. Such an one, writing the history of our country, would assuredly not omit Bunker Hill and Lexington, Yorktown and Appomattox, nor would he fail to mention the Declaration of Independence or the Emancipation Proclamation. But with these he would intersperse many of the details which are the charm of historical romance. He would consider no small beginnings, no anecdotes, no familiar saying, which mark our national progress and civilization as too insignificant for his notice.

Macaulay tells us that in the Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautifully painted window which was made by an apprentice out of a piece of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. In like manner has Jane G. Austen used many fragments of truth which historians have scorned, in a way which may well excite their envy. She has constructed out of their gleanings works which even considered as history are scarcely less valuable than theirs. Let me quote from Macaulay again: "While historians are practicing all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who described the revolutions of nations, to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because, we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor king of Spain, who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render assistance."

And so these bits of history, carved on quarried granite or natural boulder, if all the circumstances connected with them are

carefully searched, can be made the corner stone upon which a builder of historical romance can construct volumes like *Standish* or *Ivanhoe*.

A *Miles Standish* or a *Black Knight* may not be found, but heroes or heroines will not be wanting, if only the legitimate imagination is active in its use of undoubted historical data.

At a centennial celebration held some time since in Nashville, Tenn., the orator of the occasion in the course of his speech said that "it is an important fact worthy of commemorating in a fitting and enduring manner when a commonwealth has reached its hundredth birthday." He further said, that it was time to set historical landmarks and carefully treasure historical legend and lore. This is doubly true of a locality two hundred and fifty years old. It is important, because all historical beginnings are important. It is important, if we and future generations wish to study the progress of American civilization in this beautiful valley of the "winding and willow-fringed Connecticut."

The children in our common schools will have an added interest and zest in the study of home history if in their daily walks they shall see, carved on enduring stones, texts for their daily lessons. And finally, the sight of these stones in our daily lives here will generate in the minds and hearts of all good citizens increased respect and reverence for those pioneers who so long ago sacrificed their lives in converting this valley from a wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts and still more savage men, into fertile fields dotted with peaceful and civilized homes. At the close of my remarks, I cannot refrain from saying a word to this organization of women whose public spirit conceived and whose energy gave form, to this beautiful and appropriate historical tablet. Since the landing of the Pilgrims on our New England shores, woman's sacrifices and brave devotion have been no mean factor in blazing the path of our American civilization. She has given without stint or stop of all she held dearest in life. She has always and ever been the embodiment of that public spirit which is the life breath of a commonwealth, which gives it oxygen, gives it quickness, gives it victory and without which not only commonwealths but civilization itself will stifle and die. And like Esther of old, determined to save her people from destruction, she is always ready to say, "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." For:

" More human, more divine than we—
In truth, half human, half divine—
Is woman, when good stars agree
To temper with their beams benign
The hour of her nativity.

" The fairest flower the green earth bears,
Bright with the dew and light of Heaven,
Is, of the double life she wears,
The type, in grace and glory given
By soil and sun in equal shares.

" True sister of the son of man;
True sister of the son of God;
What marvel that she leads the van
Of those who in the path He trod,
Still bear the cross and wear the ban?

" If God be in the sky and sea,
And live in light and ride in storm,
Then God is God, although He be
Enshrined within a woman's form,
And claims glad reverence from me.

" O! woman—mother! Woman—wife!—
The sweetest names that language knows!
Thy breast, with holy motives rife,
With holiest affection glows,
Thou queen, thou angel of my life!"



BROOKS HOUSE
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

JOHN F. BRASOR, MANAGER



To West Brattleboro,
Marlboro, Wilmington & Bennington
(Short but hilly route
to Bennington)

To Hinsdale, Winchester
and Keene

To South Vernon, Northfield,
Milfers Falls, Fitchburg & Boston.
Optional but longer way to
Bernardston, Greenfield
and Springfield

to Bernardston,
Greenfield & Springfield
Principal line to
Hartford, New Haven
and New York
CANAL

BRATTLEBORO
WINDHAM COUNTY
VERMONT

Dinner

CHICKEN CONSOMME

Sliced Tomatoes

Walnut Relish

CREAM OF CORN

Iced Cucumbers

STEAMED KENNEBEC SALMON—Hollandaise
Pommes—Ritz-Carleton

MOUNTAIN OYSTERS—Olive Sauce

PORK TENDERLOIN, BREADED—Tomato Sauce

BANANA FRITTERS—Maple Syrup

ROAST PRIME RIBS OF BEEF—au Jus

ROAST LEG OF LAMB—Green Peas

Boiled Potatoes

Mashed Potatoes

Boiled Rice

Cauliflower—Cream Sauce

SARDINE SALAD

GRAHAM BREAD

FRENCH BREAD

APPLE PIE

PRUNE PIE

NEW ENGLAND PUDDING—Hard Sauce

COFFEE JELLY—Whipped Cream

CHILLED WATERMELON

EDAM CHEESE

AMERICAN CHEESE

WATER CRACKERS

VANILLA CREAMS

NUTS

RAISINS

TEA

COFFEE

Children occupying seats at public table, full price
Guests having friends at meals will please give notice at the office
Meals served at rooms charged extra

HOURS FOR MEALS

Breakfast from 6.45 to 9

Dinner from 12.15 to 2

Supper from 6 to 7.30

SUNDAY

Breakfast from 8 to 9.45

Dinner from 1 to 2

Supper from 6 to 7

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1911